

Storm

LittleBitOffanfic

Storm by LittleBitOffanfic

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Summary:

Fandom: IT

Characters: Henry, Patrick, others mentioned

Relationship: Henry/reader

Request: I just read your Patrick x reader one and I LOVED IT.

Could you write some the same but for henry? Could you also include more time with the others as well? Like maybe they don't mind the reader and find her funny.

Storm

You sat in your science class in silence.

It was exam time and you had all be forced to rearrange seating so people who were friends couldn't try and copy of each other. Not that it really stopped some.

You were sat next to Henry Bowers, someone who you didn't like but didn't hate. At least, that's what you told yourself. Of all the boys in your school, you had to develop a crush on him. He was the head of small 'gang' with a couple of kids from your school. But you sat in a sort of purgatory on their list.

You were popular or unpopular. You didn't have a lot of friends but you didn't have a lot of enemy's. You didn't do anything to help them but you didn't do anything to annoy them. You were just 'there'.

You felt a nudge on your elbow and glanced to the side, seeing Henry staring at you.

"Let me copy?" He half asked, half demanded.

you furrowed your brow and glanced at the teacher who was staring mindlessly out the window.

In your mind, you weighed the options. On the one hand, if you didn't let him copy you, he would probably put you on his 'first to kill' list which grew longer every day. But on the other, he wouldn't be BFFs with you but would owe you one. So you would really just stay were you were in his books. You reached out and took your calculator, discreetly sliding it along to Henry, who took it and looked it over, confused.

You then leaned back in your chair, stretching your arm over your head.

The teacher noticed and scurried over to you. You could feel Henrys eyes on you as they bore into the side of your skull, thinking you were going to tell.

"Sorry miss, but Ive left my calculator in my locker." You whispered to her, making your voice almost sickly sweet. The teacher raised an eyebrow at you. "Can you go get it for me? Unless you want me to go or share with someone." You looked around innocently glancing around, your eyes finding the calculator in Henrys hand. You saw Henrys eyes light up when he realised what you were doing. The teacher, who obviously was thinking if you shared, you would cheat and if you went to your locker, you could search the answer.

"Right." She shoved her hand out and you buried your hand in your jacket pocket, pulling out your locker key and placing the key in her palm.

She went over and wedged the door open, gave the class a scowl and left.

"Quick." You order, shoving your paper to Henry, who instantly started to copy word for word. You shoved his shoulder.

"What?!" He snapped as he scribbled furiously. Thankfully, a couple of people were whispering to each other.

"Who in the hell taught you to cheat. Don't copy exactly what ive put or they'll know and we'll both get held back. Make some mistakes and scribble them out. Make spelling mistakes. I know I haven't spelt "saprophyte" wrong so you cant spell it the exact same way! Word things slightly differently." You scolded him, seeing his eyes widen. You thought he would go berserk at you, exam or no exam, but then it faded and he nodded slightly and got back to work, changing things.

You heard the clicking of the teachers heels and nudged him again. He nodded, understanding why you did it and slid back slightly just as the teacher walked back in.

She came over and placed the key and spare calculator you kept in your locker on your table. You were thankful that you had a space.

She returned to her seat and continued to stare out the window.

The next hour or so, you would sit back in your chair and mess about with the calculator so Henry could copy down your answers. When you saw he was finished, you let him go up and hand in his paper first. He came back, shoving his things into his bag along with your calculator and left.

You waited 5 minutes before going to hand in your test.

With that, you left.

You walked out the school, your bag slung over one shoulder. You weren't paying attention to much when you heard your name being shouted from the right. You glanced up to see Henry sitting in his car with the roof down. In the passenger side was Reginald "Belch" Huggins (a rather chubby boy for someone who bullied fat kids) and in the back was Patrick hockstetter and Victor "Vic" Criss (who had bleached blonde hair).

You raised your eyebrows as you approached the car cautiously.

"Thanks for that." Henry said before throwing something at you. Well, not throw, more tossed.

You caught it and saw it was your calculator.

"No problem. Just warn me next time and not in the middle of the exam." You smile as you let your bag fall down your arm, catching it on your elbow and unzipped it. You shoved the calculator inside and zipped it up.

"You have a lot of experience cheating?" Vic called to you. you look up at him, raising an eyebrow.

"Not really. But I wasn't born yesterday." You shrug, wondering why they had suddenly taken such an interest in you.

"Where you going?" Henry was next to question you.

"The little store." You nodded down the road that lead to the store.

"What a coincidence. That's where we're going." Patrick leaned forward and playfully shoved Henrys shoulder, earning a scowl from the driver.

"We'll give you a lift." Henry nodded to the passenger seat. You looked at Belch, who frowned before both Patrick and Vic grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him backwards.

You glanced around as he moved into the back of the car. There was at least 10 people looking over at you. if you got in the car with them and something went wrong, people would say you had been with them. And if you refused, you might fall into their bad books.

Plus, it was a bit of excitement.

You walked around the car and opened the door, elegantly climbing in.

"well, well, gents. This is the first time we've had a lady in the car." Vic, who was now sitting in the middle of the three, leaned forward, his hands resting on the backs of the seats.

"Well, if you mind your 'P's and 'Q's, you might be a lady someday, too." You suddenly said, your voice dripping with sarcasm and the remark coming out before you could think. You were so used to people not really paying attention to you that you were able to say things without them knowing. You bite down hard on your inner cheek, wondering if you had just condemned yourself. That was until Henry, Patrick and Blech started laughing their heads off.

"She got you!" Patrick said, slapping the back of Vics head as he sat back. You glanced back and could see he wasn't mad. Which made you relax.

you placed your bag on the floor as the car sped off.

Henry turned on the radio, blasting it loud as he drove. The wind hit your face and made the lose strands of your hair fly out behind you.

It was rather nice, even though you were very much on edge. The boys joked about, shoving each other in the back seat. But, soon enough, you were at the small store. Henry pulled up outside.

You jumped out, swinging your bag over your shoulder.

“Thanks for the ride.” You smiled.

-----time skip -----

Since that day, you seemed to have developed a sort of friendship with most of the boys. You didn’t go out of your way to find them, but they seemed to find you. Especially Henry.

He seemed to enjoy your company. And, even though he was in manys eyes absolutely insane, you couldn’t stop your attraction to him. Even more so when he spent so much time with you.

Henry acted as a sort of barrier between you and most others. You noticed that people seemed to notice when you walked by, something you found strange. You didn’t mind, just so long as you didn’t get too much attention.

The guys seemed to enjoy your dry humour and sarcastic remarks. You made them laugh every time you were around them and they had even started using some of your lines.

At first, you thought maybe it was an act, but as the weeks turned to months, you knew none of them were this dedicated to an act.

Plus, you were a distraction. If you noticed any kid who was on the gangs bad side, you would go out of your way to distract them. This earned you a little more friendship and kindness in classes that weren’t with the guys.

It was raining hard today. You had been visiting family out of town overnight. Of course, the guys knew about this because henry had dropped you off at the bus stop after school yesterday. He had also asked when you would be coming back and you told him it was only one night and you’d be back by 2pm. It was a Saturday so there was no school.

You walked with your head down and hood up, resenting every drop of rain that hit your head.

“[y/n]!” Henrys voice filled your ears and you looked up. You were walking past the woods and saw Henry standing between some trees, drenched to the bone from his dirty blonde hair to his shoes. He waved at you and signalled for you to come over.

“What they hell are you doing out in this weather?” You asked, running over to him. He smiled down at you.

"We found a cave." he said as he grabbed your forearm and started to drag you into the woods before you could protest. The two of you only walked for a minute before you came to the side of a cliff. You heard the guys before you saw them.

Sure enough, there was a cave and Henry pulled you inside. They all sat around what looked like a poor attempt at starting a fire. Henry shook his head, the water flying out his hair and hitting the guys, who cursed him out.

"hey, [y/n], where yah been?" Belch asked, looking up at you. "Henry's been pulling his hair out." Belch smirked at Henry who scowled back, looking ready to punch him so you knew you had to say something quickly.

"Just visiting some family." You smiled, dropping your bag to the floor.

This seemed to move the attention along as Belch started to try light a fire with two wet rocks and Patrick offered the flame of his lighter but it didn't do much. You frowned.

"Who taught you how to light a fire?" You asked, earning a chuckle from the group. This had become a sort of signature for you. If you saw them doing something stupid or wrong, you would ask who taught them to do it.

"You think you can do better?" Belch challenged you, gesturing to the pile of leaves and sticks.

"Anyone got an aerosol?" You asked, and Vic said he did. He reached into his bag and pulled out a can of hair spray and tossed it to you. you reached out to Patrick who instantly caught on and chucked you his lighter.

"Stand back." You warned as you shook the can. The boys backed away slightly, knowing you meant what you said.

You held the can behind the lighter (which was at arms length). You then flicked the lighter open so the flame came on. Aiming for the fire, you pressed down on the can, releasing the spray.

The second it hit the flame, it became a fire stream that lit the leaves and sticks and that made the guys jump and then go crazy over.

You stopped after a second and tossed the can back to Vic whose mouth was wide open, placing the lighter down beside Patrick. Belch let out an inhuman sound of excitement and Patrick was clapping and looking very impressed. You glanced to Henry who was smiling widely at you.

For a while the five of you sat in the cave, chatting, laughing and

enjoying each others company. Belch was the first to leave, soon followed by Vic. Patrick stayed a little longer but he soon took off. That left the two of you. You and Henry were sat towards the back of the cave, side by side. You had taken your thick coat off long ago and laid it across your lap for warmth. You glanced at Henry and noticed he was shaking. His knees were drawn up to his chest and his hung loosely over them.

Sitting up slightly, you moved closer to him and moved your coat to cover him as well. Your arms were against his and you could feel how cold his skin really was. He was going to die of hyperthermia if he didn't warm up. You reached to your bag and pulled it closer, opening it. After a moment of shuffling around, you found a thin blanket you had taken with you. pulling it out, you moved your coat off his lap, much to his utter confusion before covering you both back up with the blanket.

"You should have brought a jacket." You mumbled, getting a shrug of the shoulders from him. Thinking back, a part of you doubted if Henry even owned a proper coat. You had heard from others in the group of his father and it was safe to say you despised him.

You let your head loll to the side, resting it against Henrys shoulder. It soon began to warm up under the covers and your eyelids began to get heavy.

You nodded off, cuddling into Henry as you did.

-----Timeskip-----

When you woke up, you were still in the cave with him. You could tell from the fading light you must have been asleep for a while, but Henry hadn't moved an inch. He was staring at the fire. You could feel he was warm to the touch, which hopefully meant he would not get ill.

You didn't let him you know you were awake just yet.

It felt so nice and natural to sit like this with him and, despite his persona at school, he was different when you were alone with him. The rain had subsided a little but not much since you drifted off and the fire was a little smaller than before but you wanted to stay in this moment forever. But you knew you couldn't.

"sorry." You mumbled as you sat up, making Henry jump slightly. You giggled as you stretched. "You should have woke me."

All Henry did was shrug, looking from you to the fire.

He was thinking, hard. You could see it in his eyes.

"I...I should get going." You went to stand up, thinking that he

maybe wanted to be alone. That was, until, a hand grabbed your wrist, pulling you back down.

“Stay. Just for a little.” Henry said, his voice sounding rougher than normal. You smiled at him before retaking your seat beside him. He was still staring at the fire, his brow pulled into a frown.

You reached out, gently touching your palm to his cheek. He flinched at the action and it made your heart ache for him, but you gently tried again, noticing how this time he didn’t flinch. You moved his face around to face you.

“Henry, is everything okay?” You asked, your thumb rubbing his cheek a little, trying to calm him down.

You could feel his jaw tensing as he gritted his teeth, let out a deep breath.

His eyes bore into yours, searching for something but you didn’t know what.

“Henry?” You breathed, tilting your head to the side, trying to figure out what he was thinking so hard about.

But this seemed to break him.

He moved forward quickly, slamming his lips against yours. You were surprised by this sudden display of affection from him, especially toward you. But as your mind lulled you into a calmness, you realised you were the only one he was every even slightly affectionate to.

He never asked the guys if they were okay, but he would if he saw dark circles under your eyes after a bad night sleep. He wouldn’t ask the guys if they were hungry and wanted to go for food, he would just order if he wanted but he also asked you. He never sat as close to the guys as he did with you. Never went out of his way to make the guys feel safe.

And he would never have let the guys fall asleep on him. Not only that, but stay till they woke up. And then ask them to stay.

Your mind races but then fell silent and your body took over.

You shyly started to kiss him back, keeping your hand on his cheek and placing the other on his chest, feeling his heart beating fast within his chest.

He stiffened at the contact, but then relaxed, his hands reaching out to find your waist and wrapping his arms around it. You were pulled against him, feeling his slightly shaking hands placed flat on your back.

All you could hear was the gentle sound of the rain from outside the cave and the small howl of the wind. Coupling that with such a sweet

and passionate kiss made you fall in love with the situation.

You pulled back first, panting slightly as your eyes fluttered open to meet his. You were surprised to see a hint of fear behind them as he searched your eyes for any sign of hatred toward him.

But then he watched as your mouth moved into a beautiful smile and your cheek glow red.

His heart stopped in his chest as he couldn't help but return the smile. But his heart soon got a jump start when you leaned back in for another kiss, one which Henry was all too happy to oblige to.

You weren't sure why you allowed yourself to fall for him, or even when. But as your lips tingled, cheeks heat up, heart stop and mind race, you didn't care.

That was until you heard a voice fill the cave.

"Did I leave my lighter here...." Patrick came into the cave, his hair having been covering his eyes thanks to the rain, he hadn't seen you and Henry until he was inside the cave. You jumped back from Henry, huddling your legs up to your chest as you felt your cheek light up on fire. But Patrick's surprised look turned to a smile.

"Nice. Hes been mad for you, you know..." Patrick then made a wanking gesture, shaking his hand.

Henry reached to the side and grabbed a stone, hurtling it at Patrick. You were sure it might have given him a concussion if it hadn't have just missed him.

Patrick ducked to the side, laughing as he ducked down and picked the lighter off the floor, throwing it up and down as he turned, about to go back out into the rain. But he paused and turned around.

"Can I join in?" He asked, looking genuine until his face broke into menacing smile.

Henry scrambled out from under the covers, bolting for his old friend. Patrick turned and ran out the cave and, if it hadn't have been raining, you were sure Henry would have went out after him. But he stopped when he came to the mouth of the cave, panting hard. He wouldn't turn to look at you and you knew you had to make the first move.

You moved out from under the covers, stood up and walked over to him. You wrapped your arms around his right arm, intertwining your fingers with his.

You could see he was really angry about what Patrick had said and, although you knew you shouldn't, you found it funny.

you couldn't help but giggle, moving your head down to place your

forehead on his shoulder, trying to hide your smile from him. You felt him turn his head towards you and you glanced up, biting your lower lip to try hid your laughter. But when you're eyes met his, you saw his soften and his body relax. Any anger for Patrick seemed to have seeped away when he looked at you. But you saw his cheeks were tingled with red, meaning the words Patrick had said at the start hadn't been a lie.

"You really want me?" You ask. You didn't really want to use the word 'want', but you thought 'like' or 'love' would be too sappy for him.

Henry nodded, turning on the spot. You dropped your hands from his as his own hand rested on your hips. You couldn't help but giggle, placing your hands on his chest, running one hand up and around to the back of his neck.

"I feel the same." You mumbled, stepping closer so you were pressed against him.

henry smirked before dipping down, kissing you again.

This kiss was more relaxed and not a tense. You let out a quiet moan against his lips, feeling him tense then pull your closer, if that were possible.

You pulled back, turning to glance out the cave.

"You know, it doesn't look like its going to lighten up any time soon."

You nodded to the sky, referring to the rain. Henry stared at you blankly for a moment before you saw the realisation dawn in his eyes.

"Yeah, looks like we'll just have to stay here a little long." He chuckles, pulling you back into the cave. You were so thankful for the storm.